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the voices of anguish and agony, of mourning and lamentation, which come up from so many battle-fields, from so many desolate cities, so many bereaved, broken, bleeding hearts in both republics, pleading with thee to sheath the sword of thy warriors, and put an end forever to this fiendish work of carnage and devastation.

“WE GAVE THE MEXICANS HELL.”

SUCH was the language of an American officer who was most awfully mangled in one of the earliest engagements between our forces and the Mexican. Says an eye witness, “The whole of his lower jaw, and a part of his tongue and palate, is shot away by a grape shot. He, however, survives, though incapable of speech. He communicates his thoughts by writing on a slate, and receives the necessary nutriment for the support of life with much difficulty. He converses with cheerfulness and *exultation* upon the success of our army, and concluded an answer to some queries concerning the battle of the 9th by writing, “We gave the Mexicans hell!”

Not to dwell upon the hardening influence of war that would prompt the utterance of such a sentiment by a dying man, how full of intense, and undeniable, and horrible truth is this declaration! Yes, we gave, and we are giving, the Mexicans hell. At Matamoras, at Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and near the capitol, the Mexicans witnessed and felt the nearest approximation to hell that earth can furnish. The battle-field with its carnage, its agony, its death-shrieks, its systematic, scientific butchery, the wild and furious raging of passion, the fiendish exultation in the torments and convulsive struggles and slaughter of thousands, is the nearest resemblance to hell that even the depravity and cruelty of man can devise. What more vivid impression of hell could the inhabitants of Vera Cruz receive than was furnished by the bombardment of their city,—the broken walls—the shattered dwellings—the blood stained streets—the showers of cannon shot and shells freighted with death—the torn and mangled forms of innocent women and helpless infants—the sudden death-groans of entire families instantly sent into eternity, and the indescribable agony of those who momentarily expected to be the victims of the fire and war-storm that was raging around and above them.

And who are they who are giving the Mexicans hell? Are they barbarians who glory in cruelty and slaughter, and whose thirst for

conquest can be satiated only with human blood? Are they a half civilized community who have learnt no other art, but the art of war? Are these the men for whom the prayer can be offered, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do?" Must it be confessed that they are the American people whose special and high mission it is to give the nations of the earth *Heaven* — a people whose institutions, and education, and laws, and ancestry, and religion, all impose upon them the duty and responsibility of blessing and not cursing the earth? Is it true that with all our benevolent associations — our boasted philanthropy — our interest in the oppressed Greeks and struggling Poles — our cheerful and noble response to the cries of famishing Ireland — our Christian churches and missionary zeal — is it true that we are expending a hundred millions of dollars annually, and sacrificing tens of thousands of our citizens, *to give the Mexicans hell?*

And is it not a proper and respectful question for the thousands in this land whose hearts are burning with indignation on account of this horrible war, to ask the government of the United States how much longer they intend to employ the resources of the country to give the Mexicans hell? Is it not enough that more than twenty thousand of our own citizens have perished in this war, and a vastly greater number of the Mexicans? Is the object for which this war is prosecuted so intimately connected with the welfare and prosperity of our *free* and christian republic, that it must be prosecuted at the sacrifice of every other national interest? A writer of some celebrity, amid many errors, once uttered this truth, "He who is the author of a war, lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death."

R. W. C.

LIFE LOST IN THIS WAR.

FEW inquire in how many ways, or precisely to what extent, war multiplies its victims. No official reports tell any thing like the whole truth. Neither the camp nor the march, neither the battle, the siege nor the hospital can show us the full sweep of its influence on human life. This could be ascertained only by inquiring how many have been *its actual victims*, how far it has *shortened the life* even of those whom it did not destroy, and to what extent it has *prevented the natural growth* of mankind. A full answer to these inquiries would